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VOLUME XIII.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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wait any time, 82.50 will be charged.

W. P. WALTON.

No Outprayed 'Em.

At Atchison, Kas., the woman crusader visited a liquor-saloon, and tried by praying to induce the proprietor of the saloon to close his place. The proprietor invited the ladies to seat, and asked them to pray, and then offered himself the following prayer:

"Almighty Creator in heaven! Thou who hast made the heaven and earth, and created man in Thine own image as ruler of this earth! Whilst animals are living on grass and water, Thou didst teach Thy servant Noah to make wine, and Thou didst not punish him for making intemperate use of it. At the wedding of Cana, Thine only Son, Jesus Christ, transformed water into wine when the juice of the grape, was exhausted, that the enjoyment of the guests might not be disturbed. The great reformer, Martin Luther, said: 'He who does not love wine, women and song remains a fool all his life long.' And all great men upon this earth have been drinking of the wine Thou hast given. Thy children upon this earth. O Lord! we pray Thee, have pity upon these women here who are not grateful for Thy gifts, who want to make Thy children like the beasts of the field and compel them to drink water like an ox, while they dress extravagantly and lead their husbands by other extravagances not tending to our well-being in bankruptcy, depriving them of all pleasures of this world, yes driving them to suicide.

"O Lord! have mercy upon these ladies; look upon them; they wear not even the color of the face which Thou hast given them, but they are sinning against Thee, and not content with nature, paint their faces. O Lord! Thou canst not perceive that their figure is not as Thou hast made it; but they, weaklings up to their backs like camels; Thou seest, O Lord, that their head-dress consist of false hair, and when they open their mouths Thou seest their false teeth. O Lord! these women want men who will patiently accept all this without using the power Thou hast given to man that all women shall be subject to man. They will not bear the burdens of married life, and obey. Thy commands to multiply and replenish the earth, but they are too lazy to raise their children; and O Lord! Thou knowest the crimes they commit. O Lord! have mercy upon them and take them back into Thy bosom, take folly out of their hearts, give them common sense, that they may see their own foolishness, and grant that they may become good and worthy citizens of our beloved City of Atchison. O Lord! we thank Thee for all the blessings bestowed upon us, and ask Thee to deliver us from all evils, especially hypocritical women, and Thine shall be the praise for ever and ever. Amen."

The Rights of the Press

In a recent libel suit in Rhode Island, the Chief Justice laid down the law in his charge to the jury as follows:

"I think that a public newspaper has a right to comment upon and criticize men in the discharge of public duty. I think that if the publishers discover what they consider to be defects, they have the right to point them out. If there are facts which suggest fault, I think that the public press has a right to criticize and to censure. If in the exercise of this freedom of comment they act fairly and honestly and meaning to do what is right, they cannot be held accountable. It is of great importance to the public that the newspapers should have this liberty. If there should be none to censure or to criticize, frauds would grow more intolerable, to the manifest peril of the public welfare, and therefore, you can see that the public have a great interest in maintaining unshackled the right of the public press to freely and fairly criticize."

"Johnny, have you been fighting?" gravely inquired Mrs. Japhry.

"No, ma'm" promptly answered the heir of the Japhry.

"John Schermerhorn, how dare you tell me an untruth!" exclaimed his mother. "Where did you get that black eye, sir?"

"I traded another boy two front teeth and a broken nose for it," replied Jonnie, as he crossed the wool pile.

It is said that Great Britain has 550 war vessels; France 550; the United States, 130, and Germany not quite 100. What makes the matter worse, not one of our 130 vessels would be of any account in a contest with the better class of vessels of other nations. It is plainly our duty to be humble and keep a civil tongue in our head until we are better equipped for a quarrel [B 8 ten Advertiser]

M'ROBERTS & STAGG,

the Druggists, who are always looking after the interest of their customers, have now secured the sale of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, a remedy that never fails to cure Colds, Cains in the Chest, and all Lung Affections. For proof Coughs, try a free sample bottle. Regular size 60 cents and \$1.00.

Progressive Uchee.

"Progressive uchee," requires three or more tables—four being the preferable number—and is played like the ordinary four-handed game, with the exception of the progressive feature, by which the winners of each game at every table but the first go to the table above, the losers at the head table going to the foot, where partners are exchanged. At the head, or first table a five-point game is played; at the other points, that there may be no delay in waiting for the completion of unfinished games. When the game at first table is scored, a bell is struck, and the score as registered at the other tables determines the winners. In case of a tie, the ladies out, the lowest winning and going to the table above with her partner. The lady coming to the table has the first deal. A gilt wafer is given to each of the two winners at the head table on the completion of every game and a red wafer to the couple having the fewest points at the foot table. A white card is provided each player, on which these wafers are placed. The scoring cards should have a ribbon in the corner, by which they can be fastened to the clothing of the players. Four prizes should be provided by the person giving the party, which are won by the lady and gentleman showing the most red ones. The red-wafer prizes are considered a sort of a leather medal reward. Partners and tables at the beginning of the game are determined by lot, and the games should close at a specified hour fixed at the commencement of the playing.—[Chicago Journal.]

At the Rink.—"And don't you skate little girl?" he asked as he sat down beside her.

"O, no sir."

"But you can learn."

"I guess I could, but I don't want to."

"And do you come here just to watch the skater?"

"I, no—I come to watch Mrs. R."

"Who's she?"

"She's papa's second wife. He don't want her to come, but she will do it."

"And why do you watch her?"

"Well, papa wanted her to promise that she wouldn't lean on anybody when she was skating, with 'em, and that she wouldn't flirt when she was resting, and she wouldn't promise, and so I came to watch her. These short marks are when she leans, and these long ones when she thirts."

"And you show them all to your father?"

"Yes, and he dares them and puts them away, and by and by we'll have enough to get a divorce or marry somebody who can't skate"—[Chicago Tribune.]

A well-known citizen of Androscoggin county, Me., has a wife who vowed she never would be weighed. She is about as big as two of her husband. The gentleman tried all sorts of ways and means to get her on the scales, and finally succeeded by a clever trick. He drove his team, containing himself and wife, on an Auburn man's hay sleds and talked business with the man, while a clerk, who had been instructed, weighed the team. Then he drove to Fowlston, left his wife, (who had not been through the transaction) returned and had the team weighed again. He then performed a little problem in subtraction, and obtained a remainder of about 225 pounds.

The history of scarlet fever, as compared with cholera, shows that both in Europe and this country the former disease does immensely more harm than the latter. Children are more liable to take the scarlet fever during the third or fourth year. This is probably the reason why epidemics of the disease recur at periods of about three or four years. As most of the children of the susceptible age contract the disease during the epidemic, some time must elapse for the younger ones to grow up. It is very rare for a person to have scarlet fever twice.

This country produces annually five and a half billion oysters, or to state the fact more clearly one hundred million a week. This is not quite enough to give each voter in the country an oyster stew once a week. The trouble is, however, that, as the population of the country increases, the life in the oyster beds decreases. In 1880 forty-one bushels of oysters were taken to the acre of the Chesapeake beds. Now only twenty-five bushels can be procured.

The EASTERN SHORE SINKING.—The whole peninsula is slowly but surely settling beneath the waves, and while of no vital concern to this or the succeeding generation, yet, at its present rate of subsidence, it is only a question of a few centuries when the fickle Chesapeake and the boisterous Atlantic shall meet in loving embrace over our moldering bones.—[Eastern Virginian.]

Quotations parties are in style. Each guest comes with three quotations, and the company is to give the names of the authors. Prizes, or favors, as a flavor or whatever you like, are presented to those returning the correct answers. When there are a number of correct answers, the favors are drawn by lot. All winds up with a supper at the expense of the hostess.

FREE DISTRIBUTION.

"What causes the great rash at McRoberts & Stagg's Drug Store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchitis now on the market. Regular size 60 cents and \$1.00.

Stop Treating.

Referring to the fact that the Pendennis Club at Louisville has a rule, which it enforces, that no member shall "treat" another, the Owensboro Messenger has a good article against the pernicious custom of treating, closing thus: Quite enough has been said to illustrate the folly of the "treating" habit. Looking and hoping for still greater reforms in matter of public drinking we content ourselves now with urging the abolition of the "treating" nuisance. Make the Pendennis rule the law of the land. It is sensible and philosophic. It will draw the line between the "soaker" and the occasional drinker so broad and plain, that the "soaker" will see it and see that every one else sees it. It will save many a good man. It will not save all. The millennium is still in the distance. Virtue must have some background to bring out its beauties by contrast. The argument of temperance would lose half its weight, if some boasted Babbingtons were not always around with their red nose to point the moral and adorn the tale."

PRO PATRIA.—A group of lawyers were discussing the late war.

"I was at Shiloh," said one, "and while standing under a smoky sky in a storm of leaden hail, beheld the noble Albert Sidney Johnson fight and fall upon the bloody altar of his country."

"And I," said another, "was at the Wilderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said the third, "stood in the fire's front at Gettysburg, when the wild rebel yell mingled strangely with the shriek of the deadly shell that plowed the patriot ranks. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a fourth, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a fifth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a sixth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a seventh, "was at the W.

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"And I," said an eighth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a ninth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a tenth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said an eleventh, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a twelfth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a thirteenth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a fourteenth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a fifteenth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a sixteenth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a seventeenth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said an eighteenth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a nineteenth, "was at the W.

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"And I," said a twentieth, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a twenty-first, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a twenty-second, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a twenty-third, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a twenty-fourth, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a twenty-fifth, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a twenty-sixth, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a twenty-seventh, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a twenty-eighth, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a twenty-ninth, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a thirtieth, "was at the W.

iderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad of minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a thirty-first, "was at the

The death of Capt. C. R. Mason, which occurred last week at his home near Stanford, Va., removes from the busy scenes of life one of its busiest workers for more than 60 years he was identified with nearly every public improvement in Virginia and many in Kentucky and adjoining states. Born of obscure parents and thrown upon his own resources at an early age, without education and with no friends or relatives to assist him, his success in life was most remarkable and is a bright illustration of what indomitable energy, coupled with a head full of good common sense can accomplish. Most of that great thoroughfare, the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, was built by him. He contracted for its first section some time in the 1830's, was its first superintendent and after laboring on it for fifty years saw its successful completion. The amount of money he made would have ranked him with the largest millionaires of the country, but for the financial failure of some of the enterprises that he undertook and the weakness he had for "going security" for friends who would come to him in distress. He, however, leaves a large estate and his seven children will be well provided for. Though some sixty years of age at the breaking out of the war, his love for the Southern caused him to enlist with Stonewall Jackson, who made him Captain of his engineer corps. He was known as "Jackson's Bridge Builder" and it is related of him that on one occasion he put up a bridge before the draught man had furnished the design and when the drawing was handed to him he replied: "You can keep your 'pictur', the bridge is built." The writer, who was first his clerk and afterwards a partner with him in the construction of a number of miles of railroad, knew him well and can testify that no truer, warmer heart ever beat in human frame than did in the breast of Claiborne Mason. It was a rule of his to assist any struggling young man who showed a desire to do something for himself and hundreds of them, ourselves among the number, owe him much for their start in life. At the time of his death he was the head of the firm of Mason, Hoge & Co., trustees of the Kentucky Penitentiary, besides heading numerous other firms in railroad building, coal and iron mining, &c. Possessed of a remarkable knowledge of human nature, a thorough master of business, a fine calculator, though without the aid of figures, with a will of iron and constitution of steel, he was a useful man to his day and generation and it was well for them that his life was prolonged much past the score. We shall venerate his memory, feeling that whatever of success we have achieved in life is in a considerable measure due to his assistance and example.

NEWSPAPER CHANGES — Our esteemed friend, Mr. B. J. Newlon, has sold the *Richmond Herald* to his brother, J. D. Newlon and Capt. J. A. G. Williamson, and with Prof. C. P. Williamson has purchased the *Apotolical Times* which is printed at Lexington. In the whole press fraternity, we do not know a more thorough gentleman or a more pleasant companion than Bro. Newlon, and while we regret to give him up in secular journalism, we shall wish him the greatest measure of success in his new field. The Mr. Newlon who will take charge of the *Herald* has been its foreman and knows the work from the manuscript up. The *Register* says that Capt. Williamson was formerly on the staff of that sterling old daily, the *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch*, and is a good newspaper man. May they have pleasant sailing and maintain the excellence that Bro. Newlon has attained for the paper.

The *Mercer Citizen* has gone to meet the *Danville Tribune*, where the wicked cease from troubling and the delinquent subscriber gets his deserts in—well, lets drop the awful subject. The demise of the *Citizen* shows that a paper that is neutral in politics has even less show than a rabid republican sheet. The *Democrat* has purchased the subscription list of the *Citizen* and now has the field to itself. We shall miss Col. Nat Gaither's bright editorials and regret that Mr. Cardwell found it necessary to bury his pet.

THE *Blue Grass Clipper* has been sold to Mr. J. M. Hoge and Brother Spotswood can no longer refer to my two papers, both weekly.

Gov. KNOTT has fixed Friday, February 20th for the execution of William Neal, the last of the perpetrators of the Ashland murder, when the Gibbons family was killed after the two young girls had been ravished. Of the other two, Ellis was hanged by a mob and Craft was legally executed. In addition to the three persons killed by them, they were the cause of the Ashland mob, which fired on the State guard and which in turn fired killing several innocent men, women and children. They have cost the State perhaps a hundred thousand dollars and it is amazing that one of them should yet be above the turf. He would not have been had our law not been the worst executed in the world.

This sentiment expressed by the *Louisville Democrat* will be generally endorsed: "If there is any political body in the Union that needs reorganizing more than the United States Senate we have no knowledge of its existence. It would be a most fortunate thing for the welfare of the country if nearly every senator in that body could be suddenly relegated to private life. There is too much money, too much aristocracy, too much conceit, and too much deceit in that august tribunal."

FEARING perhaps that the people will forget that there is such an individual as the Governor of Kentucky, Gov. Knott seems to have decided to arouse them to a recollection of the fact by launching with full steam up into the pardoning business. Two cowardly pistol toting bachelors in Jessamine, the brutal Louisville policeman who unmercifully clubbed a Swiss immigrant; a couple of murderers and perhaps others were relieved of the penalty of their crime last week. The Governor is on the downward road to the disfavor of law-loving people and the first thing he wants he holds in even as much esteem as his predecessor.

THE last issue of the *Louisville Democrat* contains an able editorial on the subject of "Tutt's Liver Pills." It is a decided improvement on the dreary political article and we commend its perusal to those readers who have become surfeited on too much of a good thing. The fact that Mr. Tutt has just closed his fifth yearly contract for advertising in Brother Munnell's paper shows that he is a man of sense and knows how to put his money where it will do the most good. A man is apt to have the liver complain after a too long continued perusal of the *Democrat's* columns.

THE Mt. Sterling *Sentinel Democrat* says: "Elliot Watkins, one of the Barnett gang, who was recently pardoned by Lieut. Gov. Hindman, because he was 'dying of consumption,' is able to ride on horseback and is about well." The Lieut. Governor should learn to diagnose a case correctly before he goes into the pardon business. Furthermore, a man who has committed a penitentiary offense, deserves nothing more than to die in the institution should death overtake him there.

ACCORDING to the *Louisville Times* Mr. Dupont must be a hard master, for notwithstanding Col. Sears believes in free trade and señor's right, he forces him to grind out protection articles, which are causing him to become fatigued and his bright young life to waste away. We are obliged for the explanation. It has been generally believed that the course of the *Post* was governed entirely by a desire to be on the opposite side in every thing that the *Courier-Journal* advocates.

THE New Orleans Exposition is proving a vast failure, owing to numerous causes. The railroad fare thence is too high, the hotels are trying to gouge the last cent out of a man, the managers are not equal to the emergency, &c., and so on. The receipts are not sufficient to pay the employees and they are threatening to burn the concern down unless they are paid. A change of management is to be expected.

A WOMAN in Herkimer county, N. Y., who wanted to rid herself of one husband to enable her to get another whom she loved better, shot him, boiled the meat off his bones and fed it to the hogs and then burned the bones. Perhaps this mode of dispatching a man may be the one which some reporters term "killing him dead."

A COWARDLY assassin attempted to murder Col. T. D. Mircum, editor of the *Cettletonian Democrat*, Saturday night and came near succeeding. The Colonel is badly hurt but will recover. The scoundrel was not recognized and is still at large. He deserves a dastardly death.

BY simply adding a y to an eight dollar check, John Strasberry, of Winchester, made \$72, but he has been arrested and the amount will not half pay his lawyers, to say nothing of the two or three years of lost time in the Penitentiary.

THE poll tax in Union county, this State has been fixed for the year at \$5.50. Our county only demands a dollar a head and yet the sheriff returned 731 delinquents. We would like to know how the Union sheriff comes out.

SENATOR WILLIAMS said in a speech at Washington Saturday that the Kentucky Railroad Commission was not worth a cent and the old man for once drove the centre.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The Washington Monument cost \$1,100,000.

—The iron manufacturers, Oliver Bros. & Philip, Pittsburg, have failed for \$5,000,000.

—John J. Cisco & Son, Wall street bankers, have suspended. Liabilities said to be \$2,000,000.

—The Kentucky Prohibitionists have called a convention for the 19th of March, at Louisville.

—St. John in a long interview again denied the charge of collusion in the late Presidential campaign.

—The council of Louisville finds Dr. Sullivan of that body guilty of taking a bribe.

—The flour mill of David Keefer & Sons, Covington was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$60,000; insurance estimated at two-thirds.

—A terrible colliery explosion occurred in the great coal mine at Lieyin, in Pas de Calais, France. Of the 45 men in the mine none escaped death.

—Senator Z. B. Vance was nominated for re-election by the democratic caucus of the North Carolina Legislature, which settles him for another six years.

—Congressman Hiscock has withdrawn from the New York Senatorial canvass. He had eight votes, all of which go to Evans, thus putting him out of reach of any possible danger.

—Wm. Felix Henry was hanged at Edwardsville, Ill., for the murder of Henry Ross and Henry De Rugh, in March, 1883. He passed the night before the execution playing a French horn.

—Thirty-six of the thirty-eight States have appropriations for various amounts given them for the public buildings in bills before the House. Kentucky and Rhode Island are the only States which have none.

—A party digging a well in Logan county unearthed the skeleton of a human being seven feet high.

—The Inter-State Commerce bill, after a long debate, was defeated in the Senate by a vote of 32 to 11.

—A solid chunk of gold, from Mexico, weighing 5,640 pounds, is on exhibition at the World's Exposition.

—The 81 blind children in the Kentucky Institution for their education, cost the State \$28,205.97 last year.

—Competition has run the price of steerage across the Atlantic to \$14, with a prospect that it will go lower.

—The wife of Justice Stanley Matthew is dying at her home in Washington. She has been ill for some time past.

—Daniel Hilman, "the Iron King of Western Kentucky" died a few days since in the Insane Asylum at Hopkinsville.

—Senator McCulloch has drafted a bill to make the bonded period of whisky indefinite and has presented it to Congress.

—The wife of ex State Treasurer Allison, of Virginia, was burned to death at Knoxville by the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

—Graham Wilder, of the firm of J. B. Wilder & Co., the prospective heir of millions, died in Louisville, Saturday, aged 42.

—Parish McAfee, chopping down trees near Huntsville, Ala., was pinned to the earth by a limb, and died of starvation.

—Tracy, Holt & Co., Louisville, house furnishing and decoration goods, assigned. Liabilities \$10,000, Eastern creditors; assets unknown.

—Collins, the contractor for the stone work of the Frankfort Custom House, has absconded, leaving debts to the amount of \$2,000 or more.

—G. W. Murphy, of Americus, Ga., took 30 lashes on his bare back and signed a statement that he was a liar for slandering a respectable woman.

—The Kansas republican Senators and Representatives in caucus unanimously nominated John J. Ingalls for re-election to the United States Senate.

—The River and Harbor bill appropriates \$11,300,200. Estimates prepared by engineers in charge of various improvements amounted to \$34,507,630.

—The valleys about Chattanooga are flooded, and that city is practically shut off from the world, except by one line of railway, the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia.

—Weight Leroy was hung in San Francisco Friday for the murder of Nicholas Sterritt, an aged capitalist, whom he choked to death for refusing to give him a check for money.

—The newly discovered tin mines of Rockbridge county, Va., extend over an area eight miles in length by one in width, and some of the ore taken out has yielded from 50 to 60 per cent of metal.

—The effort to establish a female college under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church, at Baltimore, has so far progressed that \$185,000 of the \$200,000 required has already been subscribed.

—Mike Dolin, an old man of 82, was convicted twice for wife-murder and sentenced to be hung in Lincoln county, Tenn. A dying confession was made by a man in Alabama, who had committed the murder, thus barely saving the man's life.

—Jeffersonville and Louisville capitalists are now organizing a cable ferry company to cross the Ohio River. Passengers are to be taken over in a car suspended to a heavy cable and run by steam. It will require \$100,000 to complete the work.

—Geo. Morely, of Hampton, Ky., was quietly and soundly resting in his parlor, when with bows he rushed fiercely upon his family. Seven men bound him, he escaped, snatched the ropes and for 48 hours lingered in this horrible torment before death came.

—The cost of burying Congressman Haskell, of Kansas, was \$2,248. The coffin and equipments amounted to about \$1,000 and the balance was expended by the Congressional Committee which escorted the remains from Washington, for carriage, cigar, fruit, fifty-five pairs of kid gloves and numerous costly lunches.

—Gen. McClellan will be grand marshal of the Cleveland inauguration procession, Gen. Hancock having declined on account of the death of his son. He comes on the first floor along the line of march on inauguration day command \$200 to \$300, and those higher up are held at \$10 to \$20, while \$1 per head is charged for windows from which to watch the procession.

—Andy Muselman, an old office holder, while acting in the capacity of deputy sheriff in Louisville, received from gamblers the fine assessor against them on conviction. He sank the money and was dismissed. The sheriff legally fought the liability to make good the theft. The iniquitous Superior Court has decided that the gamblers must pay their fines over again. This is wonderful law. The Governor is appealed to for a remission of the double fine. Muselman has never been prosecuted.

—This from the highly prized Frankfort Capital makes us feel almost as good as if we knew every line of it was true to the letter: Among those things terrestrial which may be likened to Tennyson's brook, is Walton's INTRIOR JOURNAL, which always goes on, rain or shine, week in and week out, with the same musical, but logical rhythm. Walton is the sledge-hammer editor of the Kentucky press. He is fearless and vigorous, and attacks fraud and official misconduct wherever he discerns it. His vigorous, fearless pen has won for him a place on the rural press in which he may almost be said to stand alone.

—Judge Mitchell C. Alford, of Lexington, is a candidate to represent Fayette county in the State Senate.

—PARKER, a well known manufacturer of steam engines, has sold his business to the firm of Parker & Son, of New York.

—The new steamship "Columbia" has been built at New York for the sum of \$100,000.

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DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Col. Thos. M. Gibbons was tried Thursday for the very serious offense of shooting off a fire cracker on 2d street. After a patient investigation by Justice S. S. Fry setting as Police Judge, the defendant was found not guilty.

—Mr. Joseph Knox in company with Dr. L. S. McMurry left this day for a private asylum near Cincinnati where he will be treated for a diseased mind which has grown so serious that his friends thought it imprudent to neglect it any longer. Under proper treatment a complete restoration is looked for.

—The Danville Literary Club met Friday evening at the residence of Hon. J. S. Van Winkle when "The Right of Emigration" was discussed by Messrs. M. J. Durham, Jas. L. Allen, O. Beatty and J. S. Van Winkle. Other members present were Messrs. C. H. Rodes, J. A. Cheek, J. C. Fales, A. B. Nelson, J. W. Precinct, J. A. Quisenberry, J. B. Walton, R. A. Johnson and E. H. Pierce.

—An old colored man named Charles Mullens was found frozen to death Saturday morning in a thicket in Rice's Bend, this county. He was not a drinking man, and the only explanation his friends offer for his death is that he was very religious and in the habit of going to a lonely place to pray. They think while so engaged he became chilled and was unable to rise to his feet and consequently froze to death.

—Mr. James S. Christman, clerk of the Boyle circuit court, will give up his office about the 1st of February, having made arrangements to go into business in Knoxville, Tenn. Mr. Red S. Nichols, who now holds the office of county clerk will be appointed by Judge Owsley to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Christman's resignation. Judge Owsley's appointee can hold until the first Monday in August when an election must be held by the people to fill out the balance of Christman's unexpired term. And just here is as good a place as any to say that Mr. Alex Anderson, of Danville, will be a candidate to fill the balance of said unexpired term, his candidacy subject to the action of the democratic party.

—Judge T. P. Young, of the Police Court is confined to his residence by a severe attack of rheumatism. Mr. J. T. Chamberlain, of Georgetown, Texas, is in town the guest of the family of his uncle, Mr. Jas. R. Carrigan. Mr. Chamberlain was the jailor of his county when the noted desperado, Sam Bass, was killed and is probably the man who brought him to the earth as he was one of the posse who entered a bar room to arrest Bass and when everybody else scattered, stood up and shot with him until Bass retreated desperately wounded. The next day he was found dead in a wood outside of town. Mr. Chamberlain has just returned from a visit to Tennessee and will shortly remove with his family to St. Louis.

—The students of a Western Theological Seminary are reported to have discussed the question whether, in case of a prayer having been read from a printed slip on a formal occasion, and there having been a typographical error, entirely reversing the meaning of a passage, the petition was received by Providence as uttered or as originally written? The debaters spent a whole evening over the point and then had a tie vote.

—The camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 pounds he can travel twelve to fourteen days without water, going fourteen miles a day. They are fit to work at five years old but their strength begins to decline at twenty five, although they live usually until forty. They are often fattened at thirty for food, the flesh tasting like beef.

—To get over with their doctors, two families in Atlanta recently ornamented the graves of their dead children with bottles containing what remained of the medicine prescribed by the attending physicians. The bottles bore the druggist's label, the prescription, and the name of the physician.

—Magistrate (newly appointed) — "Now constable, what cases this morning?" Police Sergeant — "Please, your worship, I have in custody — John Simmons, alias Jones, alias Smith, al —" Magistrate — "Ah, well — I'll try the women first. Bring in Alice Jones."

—"Kid glove" oranges, grown in Florida, are so called because when peeled they are so dry that one can eat them while wearing kid gloves without damaging the gloves in the least. They are small, aromatic in flavor, and of the Mandarin variety.

Stanford, Ky. . . . January 20, 1855

A MOTHER SPEAKS.

[Laura Garland Carr.]
The night is dark, oh, dark and drear,
And chilly Autumn rains are falling;—
In mournful cries, far off, I hear
The lonely night wind's fitful calling
But close and warm, in peaceful rest,
My babe is sleeping on my breast.

Her light breath flutters past my face;
I feel her to my silent bosom;
One hand in mine has found a place,
I hold it close with soft caresses;
What care we for the stealthy rain,
Or moaning night wind's cold refrain!

I move and wake; no bairn is here!
My arms now clasp her empty space
Nor fit the little bed anew.

Da eanger hands the small form trace,
Twas all a dream except the rain,
And stormy night wind's low refrain.

I know, I know my bairn lies
Far off beneath the cold, dark ground;
Unsheltered from the weeping skies,
With angry winds shrieking around;

My darling—whom life's short way
To zephyrs roughly stray!

Little head with rings of gold;
I clasp it to my dimpled and white!

Was it this I wepted unto?
Charm after charm with proud delight?

Only to have heron turn away—
To perish in the rain-soaked clay!

They tell me there's a shadow land—
Hidden, but closely linked with this.
There lost our John spirit band,
To move to 'ne through scenes of bliss.

I try to see—but all in vain!
My baby lies there in the rain.

AMERICA'S RAILROAD SYSTEM.

Gatto's Interview with a Leading Rail-road Man.

[Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"You have no idea, my dear sir, how much ability is employed in the American railroads. It entirely outranks the ability we formerly possessed in ocean navigation. You see, we have pirates in our railroad system exceeding in atrocity the old Barbary pirates on our ships. Every now and then some express agent is murdered, some conductor is assaulted, and the train hands have to fight for their lives as the race by night through the wild forests of Arkansas over the prairies of Texas and Missouri.

These freshets which happen in the winters almost invariably strike the railroad lines, and it requires the finest capacity to put those great laden cars, a train, on the track, when they have lost it. Indeed, if you pick out the railroad employees of the United States and separate these from the rest of the population you would want no better standing army. They are in perfect drill, understand the value of obedience, are fertile in resources, and during the rebellion no better soldiers were found on either side, nor no better generals, than the railroad men.

"There is probably not a railroad locomotive in the United States which was not built by American mechanics; the very large proportion of the iron, I should say five-sixths of it, in American railroads was constructed here. The rolling stock is all made in America. We have not found it advantageous to change the original formation of our trains and cars. We still adhere to the long saloon car in preference to the cramped European car. The bridges on American railroads are the cheapest and best in the world. We are almost the only land which builds bridges by regular bridge contractors. You will notice that many of our railroads have made its accessories permanent, such, for instance, as the gutters along the side of the track. In former years the frosts broke them up at least once a year, and they had to be all re-made by labor. Now they are put down in hydraulic cement, so that they stand through all weathers."

An Unexpected Appointment.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Professor John T. Smith, of New Albany, was astonished a few days ago by receiving notice of his appointment to a \$1,500 a month in the war department. To a correspondent he said: "This is a much in mystery to me as to you. I never asked for the appointment. I suppose, though, it came under the civil service rules. Several months ago I was requested to prepare a paper on civil service reform, and in order to write it intelligently I made some inquiries in reference to the examinations."

"I found I could get no information upon the subject outside and determined to get it inside. I saw a notice in the papers one day that the commission would hold a session in Louisville on a certain day. I applied for examination solely for the purpose of getting data for my article, which I subsequently wrote. Some time after the examination I received notice from the commission at Washington of my percentage, and that I had been entered upon the list for an appointment. I thought and heard no more of it, considering it a mere formal notice, until a notice of my appointment in the war came. It is doubtful if I accept, as my business here is of such a nature that I do not see how I can leave without a sacrifice."

Concord's Vocal Effort.

[New York Cor. Inter. Journal.]

In the way of vocal feats, Roscoe Conkling has performed one by speaking nine hours, via only a half-hour's recess. This was due to an argument concerning a railroad warrant, before a judge, without a jury, and therefore might have been relieved of much of its strain by being pitched in a conversation, as one more on the judicial bench. He was not supposed to be greatly influenced by those oratorical efforts which infect juries. But Conkling did not in the slightest ease up on himself. He spoke throughout quite as though facing an immense audience, instead of a small group of unimpassioned legal hearers. Every sentence was carefully delivered, with no grace of demeanor or embellishment of eloquence left out, and only those who have grown limp and hasty in a single hour of vehement speaking can appreciate the magnitude of the achievement. The lawyers say that, considering the vim maintained, the performance was wonderful.

DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Caledon."

CHAPTER XI.

SPECIAL PLEADING.

It was over! She knew! The hope which I had buoyed my spirits that Philippe's death at learning of Sir Mervyn Ferrand's death was but due to the fact that she once loved me entirely vanished. I could not hope of escape, no possibility of persuading her that she was fancying a man which had never taken place. Moreover, a man from her would have given my life to have saved her from the knowledge of this thing. I could not meet the eyes of her I loved, and lie to her.

I did indeed, if but for the sake of gaining time, attempt to stammer out some evasive answer; but she interrupted me before I had spoken five words.

"Why do I ask?" she echoed. "I knew it

all—all—all! In dreams it has come to me—the whitened road—the dead face—the whirling smoke! In dreams I have stood—myself and cold to myself. 'He is dead!' But, Basil, my love, my husband, I thought it was but a dream. I drove it away. I said, 'It must be a dream. I hated him, and so I dreamed that I killed him.' Basil, dear Basil, tell me, if you can, that I dreamed it!"

Her voice sank into accents of piteous entreaty. She looked at me yearningly.

"Dearest, it must have been a dream," I said.

She threw out her arms wildly. "No, no. It was no dream. Even now I see myself standing in the night over that motionless form. I can feel that cold air on my cheek. I can see myself flying through the snow. Basil, I hated that man and I killed him!"

The tears were streaming down my cheeks. I seized her hands and strove to draw her to me. She ran from my grasp, and drawing her self with all her load, broke into a paroxysm of sobs. As I approached her she turned her head from me.

"I killed him! I killed him!" she whispered in a gasping tone. "Oh, that fearful night! It has haunted me ever since. I know not why. Now I know! He wronged me, and I killed him! killed him!"

I placed my arm around her neck and my cheek against hers. "Let me touch the skin that stings you."

"No, no!" she cried. "Touch me not! Shut me! Shut me from me! Basil, do you hear? Do you understand? I have murdered a man!"

Once more she threw herself on the bed, her whole frame quivering with anguish.

"A shamed—ruined woman!" she muttered. "A villain's forsaken toy, and now a murderer! You have chosen your wife well, Basil!"

"Sweetest, I love you," I whispered.

"Love me! How can you love me? Such love is not holy. If you love me, aid me to do, Basil! Give me something that will kill me! Why did you save my life?"

"Because I loved you, then, as I love you now."

She was silent, and I hoped was growing calmer. She was but waiting for the first shock of her new knowledge to pass away, in order to reason with her, and show her that by every moral law she was guilty of the fearful crime. Suddenly she turned to me.

"How did I kill him?" she said, with a shudder.

"Dearest, rest. We will talk again presently."

"How did I kill him?" she repeated with vehemence.

"The sound shot struck through the heart," I answered reluctantly.

"Shot through his heart—his wicked heart! Shot by me! How could I have shot him! With what! Basil, tell me all, or I shall go mad! I will not have the smallest thing concealed. I will know all!"

"He was shot with a pistol."

"A pistol! a pistol! How did I come by it? Where is it?"

"I know! You know!"

I bowed my head. I felt that concealment was useless. She must know all.

I told her everything. I told her how she had promised to come to me; how, as she did not keep that promise, I went in search of her. I told her how she had swept past me in the snow storm; how I had overtaken her. I repeated her wild words, and told her how the fatal weapon had fallen into my feet, and, in despair, on the impulse of a moment, hurled it into the night. How she had broken away from me, and I had followed the lonely road; how, excited and terrified by her words, I had gone on to learn their meaning; how I had found the body of Sir Mervyn Ferrand; how, without thought of concealing the dead, I had laid the dead man by the roadside; how I had rushed home and found her, Philippa waiting for me, and in the full height of temporary insanity. She had told me all, and then, on the moment I discovered that her secret had gone astray, I held her, although she had done so dreadful a deed, as innocent of crime as when she slept, a babe, on her mother's breast.

She listened to me with fixed, ill-tempered eyes. She interrupted me neither by word nor gesture; but when I had finished speaking she covered her face with her hands, and great tears trickled through her fingers. "No hope!" No hope! she cried. "Oh, Basil, I do not hope that something you would tell me would bring me up to the mark. What did this thing? My love, my own love, we have been so happy while I could persuade myself all this was a dream! We shall be happy no more, Basil!"

Although she still shrank from me, by force I drew her to me, and laid that poor head on my shoulder. I stroked the smooth black silky hair, I kissed the white forehead, and used every endeavor to soothe her, to calm her, as mine could suggest. In vain! The moment I loosened my hold my wife fled from my side.

"Basil," she cried, "I know it! You know the blood of a man was on my hands! Again I say such a love is not holy!"

"Dearest, again I tell you that in my eyes—if the truth were known, in the eyes of all—you are innocent as a babe."

She shook her head hopelessly. I saw the notice of her intent coming her. "I beg of you to give me a safe refuge, to protect me. So for the time I gave up arguing. I begged her for my sake to retire to rest. I gave her a soothing draught. I sat by her for hours, and held her hand, until at last her eyelids fell, and worn out by grief, she slept.

"Oh, how right I had been in choosing flight! Although a cursing chance had revealed what I fondly hoped would be forever hidden, I found how right it had been! It is the hands of Justice, indeed, that she, although she might not have been found guilty, the trial, the exposure, would have killed her. Thank heaven, she was safe, and amenable only to the tribunal of her own sensitive conscience!

When I heard her breathing grow regular and knew that she was in a deep sleep, I pressed my lips gently to her fair cheek and left her. I went in search of my mother, and made the best tale I could think of to account for my wife's disappearance.

"I am going to write to Sir Mervyn Ferrand," I said, "and tell him all about it."

"I will, if you wish; but why?"

"Can you not guess? Basil, listen. I have consented to be guided by you. I am praying that the day may come when I shall think as you think. But what if an innocent person were accused of the crime I have committed? Then there is but one course; you could urge nothing against it. I promise you I will see the paper every day as soon as it reaches here. I shall have no peace unless you do."

I promised fearlessly. Justice does sometimes make mistakes, but not such a mistake as the one I committed with Philippa. Sir Mervyn Ferrand's death was a mystery never to be solved. So, to set my poor wife at ease on the matter, I wrote and ordered that The Times should be posted to me every day.

CHAPTER XII.

TEMPTED TO DISHONOR.

I was looking back and re-reading words which I had written while the girl who had come to me had been gone. I had called this tale a confession; if not, I should have done so. It claims no more to be ranked as a work of art than as a work of imagination. How could it? It holds only two characters—a man and a woman. It treats but of their love and of a few months of their lives. Nevertheless, in telling it I have endeavored to conceal nothing. I have tried to describe my thoughts, my hopes, and my joys, as they really were; but I have not been able to do this, for I have not been able to depict anything which could tend any one to condemn my actions more strongly than it may be, they now condemn them. My wish has been to show myself as I was then—no doubt now—a weak, foolish man; yet, for the love which he bore a woman, one willing to risk fortune, life, even honor. If I have failed in my attempt to represent myself as such a one, believe it is not from intention, but from sheer inability.

As to whether I live so far succeeded or failed in my purpose I know not; but I know that in this I kept a man's mind, for the love he bore a woman, one willing to risk fortune, life, even honor. If I have failed in my attempt to represent myself as such a one, believe it is not from intention, but from sheer inability.

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